

Gold by the Pound

A NUGGET of pure gold weighing five pounds was found recently in California. It is worth \$1,875. Its discoverers were two elderly men who had worked as miners for most of their lives.



Magazine Page



This Day in Our History

THIS is the anniversary of the burning of New London, in 1781, by the British under the American traitor, Benedict Arnold, and the massacre of the defenders of Fort Griswold after they had surrendered.

The Stranger

A Thrilling Drama of Complex Situations

By John Goodman

Justice Grapples With Infamy, Portraying Master Rascality, and Love of Fair Women and Brave Men

MR. DEANE gave a faint gasp. Her very surroundings were Joan's features, her pose, a perfect replica of the stately viscountess on the mellow canvas above her head, standing by the difference between the cheap linen frock and the court dress, the resemblance was perfect—uncanny. Joan turned her head.

"What is the matter?" she said, quietly.

"Nothing!" said Mr. Deane, confusedly. "A—A curious resemblance that's all. I—"

"You were telling me about the goblet. It is exquisite. I wish I could see it close at hand," said Joan, almost with a touch of command.

Without a word, Mr. Deane took a bunch of keys from his pocket and opened the door. He seemed curiously anxious to please Joan.

"It's a long time since it was brought out," he said, setting the goblet on a table just out of Joan's reach, with reverent care. The amber-colored cup was double-rimmed and the stem was set with sapphires and moonstones.

"What is its secret?"

"A harmless one—for Cellin! It is impossible to drink from it without spilling half the contents at least. I will show you."

There was a water jug close at hand, but Mr. Deane brought a decanter of Madeira from a cellar, remarking that to use water would be a sacrilege. He poured in a wineglassful, and, taking the goblet up carefully, tilted it as though to drink. Immediately a stream of wine flowed through his fingers along the stem and out by the double rim, pattering on the oak table.

"It is useless as a drinking cup, then?" said Joan, smiling at him.

"No," said Mr. Deane, "not if the trick is known. There is some method, very cunningly devised, of touching those pierced jewels. But none save the Talbols—and generally only the head of the family—holds the secret. I have seen the old viscount do it. And it amused him to let others try. None has ever succeeded. I've known a crowned head attempt it and fail."

Joan took her arm from the secretary and stood erect. At that moment it seemed to her that she saw a face peering at her round the ivy that fringed the near window. A face so sinister and eager

that a shock of revulsion seized the girl, and a faint trembling. The face vanished. Surely it was nothing but a vision!

She went deadly white, none the less, and swayed where she stood. Mr. Deane, alarmed, sprang to support her.

"It is nothing," she said, dizzily, and remembered that she had had no breakfast. "I fell in the river yesterday; perhaps it's that—a little faint."

"You look ill!" exclaimed Mr. Deane, decidedly scared. "Some wine?" He seized the decanter and looked around. There was no glass within reach. He splashed some wine into the goblet and gripped the stem. "Take this. Never mind your dress. It will pull you round."

Joan put the glass aside and freed herself from Mr. Deane's supporting arm. He set down the goblet and looked at her anxiously. Again the buzzing in her ears, the dizziness. To faint there would be dreadful. She stretched out a hand, took the goblet, drank and set it back on the table. At once she felt revived.

"Thank you! That is better!" she said, and then glanced with surprise at Mr. Deane. He was staring in blind amazement.

"Do you know," he said slowly, "that you drained the Knyth goblet and never spilled a drop?"

"Did I?" said Joan, opening her eyes. "A lucky accident—for my dress! But how strange!"

"Strange! You could not do it again in a thousand times!" he said, staring, and caught up the decanter. "Try. Oblige me by trying. It looked like a miracle!"

"No more wine, please!" protested Joan.

He poured some water into the goblet. Joan stretched out a hand. With perfect unconsciousness her slender fingers clicked down on four of the thirteen pierced jewels of the stem. She raised the cup, drained it cleanly and set it down with a steady hand. Mr. Deane came nearer to her.

"Who are you?" he said, a little hoarsely. "Young lady, where do you come from?"

Joan looked at him and indicated her linen frock with a slight smile.

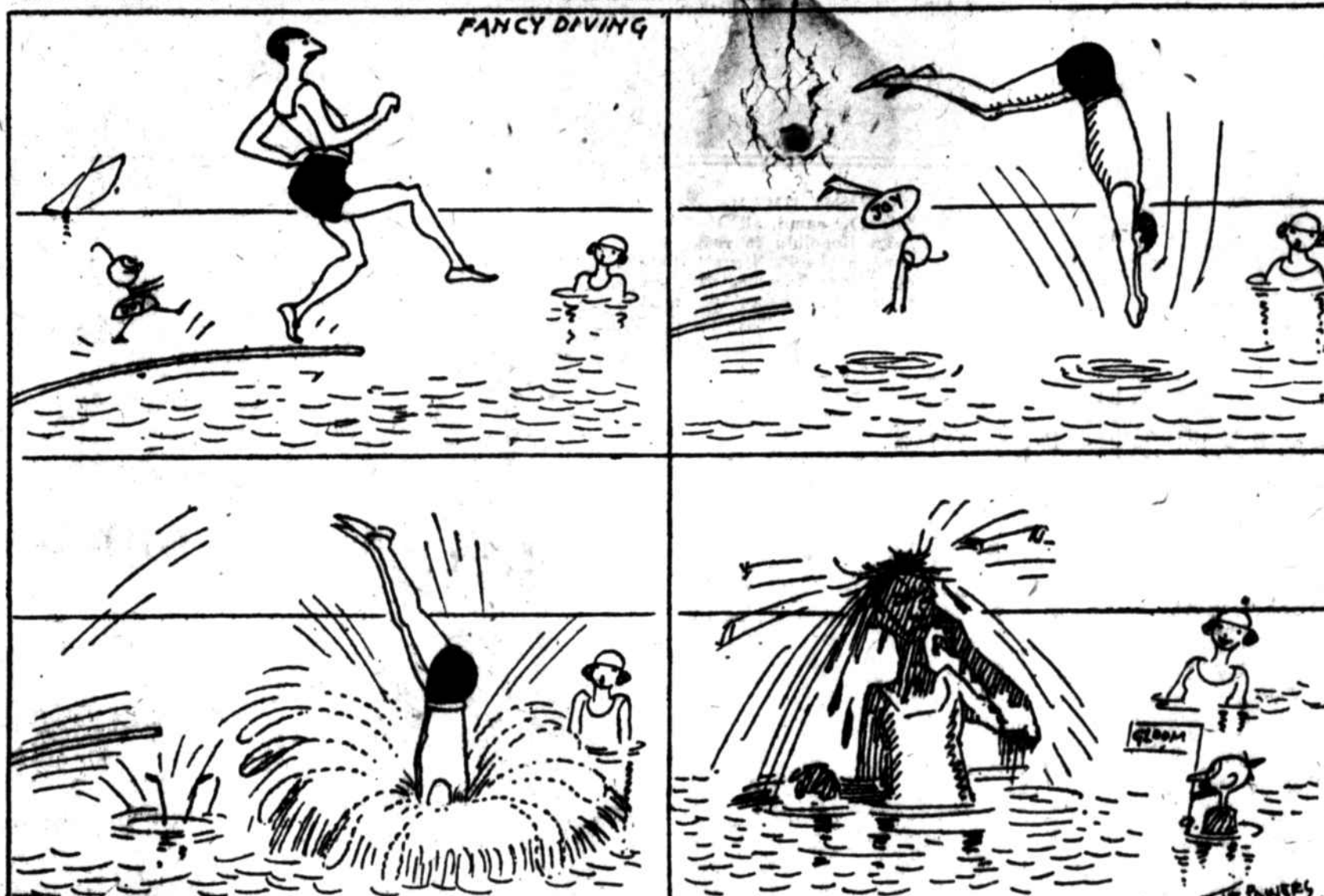
"I am what you see," she said quietly. "A typist in the city."

Slaney, slinking back from his post of vantage behind the ivy of the window, hurried round the wing of the house, and made for

What Is the Matter with This Picture?

By T. E. Powers

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A Gripping and Imaginative Story of Mystery, Lure and Intrigue, Touching Every Phase of Human Glory.

the hall. His eyes were shining with the light of triumph. He made for the book in the hall, and swiftly copied Joan's name and address on an envelope. Then, hurrying to the garage, he wheeled out a bicycle and pedaled rapidly down the long drive through the park. Slaney reached the high road, wheeled to the left, and after five minutes' hard riding, came within view of the hamlet of High Cleve. Rounding a corner somewhat recklessly, he nearly ran down a tall, shabby individual tramping along the dusty road. Slaney swerved, and, without apology, rode straight on.

The shabby man halted abruptly, and started after the cyclist. He stared with extraordinary intensity, making no protest, but following the rider with his eyes. Slaney, quite unconscious of any such scrutiny, covered the remaining quarter mile, and leaned his bicycle against the postoffice, which was the first outlying house of the hamlet. He entered, and took a telegram form. A little out of breath, Slaney spent some appreciable time and thought in concocting the message, which he handed to the girl operator. She looked at it with surprise.

"What do you call this?" she asked perily.

"It's all right, miss. Send it just as it is," he said, and, paying the fee demanded, went out.

He cycled back to Knyth, but saw nothing of the man he had passed on the way out, and who doubtless was already through the village. Slaney took no interest in him. His own heart was bursting with the joy of a great achievement.

"The best day's work ever done for Callaghan!" said Slaney, with an evil chuckle. "I win over this!"

It was ten minutes later when the tall stranger emerged from under the hedge and again tramped forward along the dusty road at the same even, unhurrying pace. Though elderly, with a fringe of gray hair over his temples, he held himself erect with a soldierly carriage. Despite a shabby attire, he had a look as one accustomed to command. His features were distinguished, the mouth slightly cruel; a gray, pointed beard grew on his chin. His eyes were of a faded blue, looking straight ahead of him with a sheathed, brooding stare.

He turned into the postoffice.

and in a pleasant voice asked the girl for two penny stamps.

"Not much business to trouble you here?" he said, smiling as he took them.

"Very little, indeed, sir," she said, adding the "six," unconsciously in spite of his seedy clothes. "Though I've had a job just now," she added tartly, "that's more like a Chinese puzzle than anything—"

The girl checked herself as if remembering her official position. "Anything else you want?"

"I should like," with a glance round the place that took in every detail, "a packet of Union Jack tobacco. I think I see some on the top shelf there."

The girl had to get a chair in order to reach it. While her back was turned the stranger, with remarkable deftness, slipped his long, brown hand under the wire post-office screen and abstracted a telegram from the top of the file. It was out of sight in his pocket long before the girl descended. He paid for the tobacco, thanked her politely and went out.

A little way out of the hamlet the stranger seated himself against a fence and amputated the telegram form. It certainly read a little peculiarly for a village post-office.

"MISLED," LONDON.

"Zelp 1127 7 Baxx xia Mivkowf qe wfo Wimmings Fozzoc."

"Five."

The stranger's brows contracted, but a grim smile twisted his mouth. Using a stub of pencil, he began slowly, and with evidently an effort of memory, to jot down fresh letters underneath the apparently meaningless forms given above.

Toward the end of the task the pale of his face lightened; a deadly, threatening light crept into his eyes and his teeth shut together with a sharp click.

This was the message hidden in the cipher:

"MISLED, LONDON.
"JOAN ATRE 7 FIRE ROAD
LAMBETH IS THE TALBOIS HEIRESS."

CHAPTER VII

In the Name of Charity.

Joan, standing beside the goblet answered Mr. Deane's agitated question and searching stare with a look of wonder.

(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

HINTS FOR HOME SEWING

By Rita Stuyvesant

EVERY woman who does her own sewing wishes her clothes to have a professional appearance, and there are many accessories that she will find at the notion counter of any up-to-date shop. Things that will save her endless time and trouble are all ready to use at a small cost.

For instance, a white net lining all ready-made with plicated edges, and shields, too, if preferred, may be purchased in any size. You will appreciate the convenience of this when making a sheer frock.

Bias banding is another item that no home sewer can afford to be without. It comes in plain white in several widths, and is now shown in colored materials and checked ginghams as well. It is excellent to trim aprons, frocks or children's clothes. The white makes a splendid binding.

and gives a nice, neat finish to the garment.

Skirt bands all ready-made, with hooks and eyes riveted to place offer another help to the home sewer. When making a skirt it is no trouble at all to pleat or gather the material to the band.

Collar and cuff sets of white linen, organdy, ratine, batiste, singham or colored linen are more satisfactory to use than those made by the amateur dressmaker. You will find a wide variety at any neckwear counter. Have you seen the organdy sashes all ready to wear? They are very smart, and come in various lengths. Some of the sashes have the edges plicated and ends hemstitched. Others have a hemstitched border all around. Sashes of this kind can be purchased by the yard, so that you need only to finish the cut ends. White organdy with narrow gingham bias edges is another novelty and comes in all colors. These sashes will lend such a smart finish to one's frock.

Rather Mixed.

Servant, returning from errand—"Please, ma'am, I couldn't get it." Mistress—"Get what?" "They said they didn't keep it, ma'am." "Keep what?" "What you told me to fetch, ma'am." "What was that?" "Dunno, ma'am. I forgot."

SHAVE, BATHE and SHAMPOO

with the same cake of SUN RIVER SOAP made with the famous Sun River Mineral that exudes from a rocky ledge near the Sun River, Montana—renowned for centuries for its healing qualities. Contains rare organic sulphur. Makes a rich creamy lather. Invigorates and rejuvenates the skin, leaving it as soft as a baby's. Use it every day.

At the drug store, 25¢ the cake
On Sale at Peoples Drug Stores
Sun River Co., 2-22, 1914 Broadway, N. Y. C.

Rhyming Optimist

By Ann Lisle

SUMMERTIME, I love you well, I shall not forget, daisies in the sun-kissed dell, pinks and mignonette, I shall treasure memories of the glad June days, breezes dancing through the trees, robin's merry lays. Summer reigns in every heart, yet the warning's clear; soon this monarch must depart, autumn's drawing near. Little hints of autumn show in the fields of maize, in the mellow, golden glow of the distant haze. Neats that held the joy of spring now deserted away, while the happy fledglings wing bravely on their way. To the Southland's call they go, by some magic led ere the blasts of winter blow and the sun has fled. In the cool, September rain, in the falling leaves, in the shimmer of the grain garnered in the sheaves, lies a message all may read by the harvest moon; though we loved her well, indeed, summer's going soon. Little hints of autumn nod at me as I pass through fields of goldenrod and the yellow grass. Scents of smoke in the air, bonfires blaze by night; dead leaves burning everywhere cast a fitful light. Mine is not a fickle heart, so I'm sad to see summer's lovely train depart, flowers and melody. Little hints of autumn tell things that make me sigh, summer notes her sweet farewell as the roses die.

ADVERTISEMENT.

After Vacation Peel Your Discolored Skin

Women returning from the seaside or country with browned, reddened or freckled skins will be wise in immediately taking up the mercurized wax treatment. Weatherbeaten skin had best come off, or no amount of "beautifying" will ever make it pretty to look at. The surest, safest, easiest way to shed the discolored skin is with the treatment suggested. Put the wax on before retiring, as you would cold cream, and rinse it off next morning with warm water. Minute particles of scurf skin peel off day by day, gradually showing the healthy, youthful skin beneath. One ounce of mercurized wax, obtainable at any drug store, is enough to make any discolored or spotted complexion clear, white and shiny. Gentle action is so gentle no harm is caused and the face shows no trace of its use.

FIGHTING FOR LOVE

GAME'S RULES IF THERE IS ANOTHER GIRL

By Beatrice Fairfax

"H AVE N'T I a right to be happy?" demanded Lucille. "I ventured, waiting for illumination on her query. Lucille glared. "Why should I give up my happiness for her?" she asked belligerently. "Suppose she did know him first? I adore Phil. I understand him. And it doesn't seem fair that he should feel bound to Mabel just because he met her first and imagined she was the right girl until he met me. She lives next door to his folks. He was thrown with her from the time he was a little school boy and he just drifted into thinking he cared for her. And when he came to the city, they were engaged. "Then we met. We were congenial. We liked each other from the first. He didn't tell me about her until he'd kissed me and made me care for him. And now he wants to go away and not see me again. He says we've only been together for a few weeks, and that who has built her life on him and that he thinks we could forget each other. But I know I can hold him if I insist. And why shouldn't I fight for my happiness?" "Why not?" "The very foundations of civilization are set on the rights of law and order and honesty. In the Dark Ages the power of tooth and claw settled disputes and difficulties. The strong harried the weak. There was none successfully to question the doctrine that one took what he could get. But we have built society on

rules of mercy and protection for the helpless. We have founded national security on loyalty to pledges. And the individual is no longer supreme. The group which huddled together for protection in centuries gone by is bound together today by certain rules which law insists we keep.

So far, so good. No one is going to dispute the wisdom of this man. But when it comes to ethical considerations—the unwritten law—the code of the gentleman—the noblest of all thorough-breds, selfish, self-seeking folks want to evade their obligations.

So when a woman finds out that there is another girl in a man's life and that he wants to be loyal to her and to his ideal of himself, she has not only no right to fight for her happiness, but probably no happiness to fight for.

The woman who steals a man from another woman weakens his morale. She sets no premium on loyalty. She invites disloyalty to herself in turn. She builds on an insecure foundation. She conjures up a ghost for her own miserable undoing. She is bound to be jealous of the woman she overstepped. She will wonder if the man regrets, what security, what happiness can she have?

We all have a right to happiness. But we have no right to steal that happiness from some one else. And we cannot be happy on the insecure basis of trying to force a man's heart away from its normal object.

Know That—

The supply of oil is about evenly divided between the hemispheres. As in the case of coal, much more oil will be developed north of the equator than south of it.

Nicknames for people in other countries are: Englishman, John Bull; Dutchman, Nicholas Frog; French, Froggater; Australian, Cornstalk; Canadian, Jean Baptiste or Jack Canuck; Scotch, Sawney; Welsh, Taffy; Irish, Paddy; Chinese, John Chinaman; Russian, Ivan Ivanovitch.

W. & J. SLOANE

1508 H STREET N.W. WASHINGTON

Announcing the Complete Arrival of Goods for Fall

We have just received our complete line of floor coverings for this Fall and would urge an early selection while stocks are full, which assures of a wider selection and more prompt deliveries than is often possible in the later season.

Plain Color Rugs

Knowing the general desire for plain rugs, we have a particularly interesting line of plain colored rugs in Reversible Wool Rugs, Velvet and Chenilles.

Large Assortment of Odd Size Rugs

We also have an unusually attractive selection of Figured Rugs of various qualities in all sizes up to 11ft. 3 in. x 15 ft. Besides these we have a wide selection in Orientals, Domestic Rugs and Linoleums.

Goods purchased now will be held for delivery when desired. Freight paid to all shipping points in the United States. Store Hours: 8 A. M. to 5 P. M.

NR To-NIGHT

Tomorrow

NR Vegetable

NR Vegetable is a powerful laxative and purgative. It is used for the digestive and eliminative system. It is used for the digestive and eliminative system. It is used for the digestive and eliminative system.

Used for over 30 years

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